A DIVIDED by Mrsoliphant PAIR

CHAPTER 1.

(c) leave his wife at the church door! The newspapers would describe it as a remance in real life, an incident for a novel, the subject of a play, arenything that a man would least like his marriage to be: the most vulgar romance in the world, a sort of thing which would aimeet justify a man in taking up another romantic role—the ride of the bridegroom-villain, who does not appear at all, even at the church door, but itsults the pale bride by expessing her to all the comments and the pity of her friends. Nothing but remance, anyhow, confound it! Maurica Mostra was not a man who could afford to be remantic. It is the last thing that commends itsell to a man who is in Swiety, yet is by no means severeign in Society. There are people who can carry that sort of thing off. It does not much matter, for instance, what a young duke does, or how much he gets him-off talked about. Probably he never knows of it up in the regions where he lives : probably he ralber likes it, as a homoge to his position, and a proof how great the general interest is in dukes. Nor does if at all matter to a millionaire strug-gling into standing ground, whose romantic story will call attention and rouse people to a consciousness of his name. But romance is faral to a young man with just a young man's position and no more, who is asked out to the best houses and its most, was accorded to the best hodes but only as one among a crowd, yet whom every-body knows, in that curious completeness of knowledge which is proper to Society-every-thing about him—and who is called familiarly thing about measure by some thou-ands of people. A rounantie story about such a man runs far and wide. It flies through the clubs, it penetrates to the very beights of the service to which he belongs-civil or military: it probably gresseren to Windsor, and is remembered there for ever. What a food a fellow must be to get

for ever. What a food a fedlow must be to get himself talked of like that I people say. And yet what rould the unfortunate man do?

He was a man attached to the Foreign Offle, but not in the sprightly way of attacheship or sven clock-ship. He was one of the far more important but less dazzling persons who are sent off to the tuts of the world on private missions, who burrow into the diplomacy of Russia, or of the tributal Fowers, who know all also things that nobady else knows, and are familiar with the servet intripues of potentiates with whose very manes the



There was nothing for it, after all, but that reductions parting by the church der-



Lady Somershia montered her backs to the usual, and old the Matthew wit for days together and growled.

rest of the world is unacquainted. He could talk his way to the Great Wall of Chira, people said, and, perhaps, further than that. He could tarn binself into a Persing, or a Circassian, or a Bedouin, and the rave to which he thus joined binself at a mouent's notice would never find the imposture out. It was imposture, it is true, but, as it was he the service of his country, this never troubled Musiyan's conscience. He was the kind of man of whom such stories are easy to believe—a man who, though he was an unmistakable English gentheman, was scorched and dried into a sort of desert colour, the colour of the endlers sands and yellow nocks, no colour, the colour of the endlers sands and yellow nocks, no colour, the colour of the driving rooms. He was a man whom the run had third and scorched, and whose eyes had the watchlub, ever-attentive book of one who has often carried his life in his hand, and whose eyes had the watchlub, ever-attentive book of one who has often carried his life in his hand, and whose level where the fointest intribution of danger, was his chief defence. That he should have fullen he loss with hither spiril Someyellie in Ler first scason was wonderful cnough; yet, not so wonderful—into to a man and of the desert what could be an attractive as that little duinty treature, all bloom and freshness like a flowerf—as that she should have fullen in love with hird, rather than with one of the capied shrilings to much more like hersell who surrounded her, and to whom the form of the duality restored his daughter and only child was very well worth looking allow, involved highly placed they might be. When it was found that Sybl would have no one but hat soul-coloured Foreign Office man, whommany people called "the Arabi," the was much guashing of texth and to ring of hair in tireavenor Phen. It was, to tell the truth, Sybl bereff who was host trengeted about it; for the thouth of he money overscheluned Mostya. The did not mind a little mency with the woman he

was going to marry. It would be so much better for herseli on the frequent occasions when he would have to leave hey, in parsanace of his arduous and not too well remain rated profession. But he was accrawed by the great fortune that what little Sybil's back, and deslared openly that he never would have allowed himself he think of her had be known in time. But he had set her heart upon him as something entirely out of the common, and though Loady Sasuerdile scattered her beeks to the wind (it was so easy to hay a more becoming from at Tracfitt's, any day), and old Sir Matthew set for days together and growled, and would speak to no one, yet the girt had her way. It was known that Mostyn was under orders to proceed to the end of the would in a very short time, which at the list was what sweetened the bitter pill to her father and mother. The child would have her governous weedding, would receive her innumerable presents, and position weedding, would receive her innumerable presents, and the hardsond would be swept off into the unacon, and possibly invest come back again to trouble anythody. That is always on the cards when a main to sent into the unysterious East. And, accordingly, the weedding-day was fixed at lest. She have she would have to part with him in a shorter of leager time, as the Foreign cuffice should polain. And he knew that he would have to go and leave here, but not "good heave as "mot on the weedling-day.

day?

The poor feilow had for the moment a sect of nerves of moduless when he got the dispatch, the day before the wedding? He world not go. He would throw up exceptings—service of the country, orders of the F.O., hopes of advancement, excepting! He would not be entered off like a slave, taken out of his place like a herse, discharged like a cannon, without any will



When he got to the gate, from and the flatter of an almost desperate hope, gut the better of home

But soon this fever fit went off, leaving him cold, Without the F.O. he was nothing-a younger sun, without either money or place in the world; whereas Mustyn of the Foreign Office was a min who was known, a celebrity in his way, acknowledged to be one of the best men in the service. It was his chief delener against the appelling wealth of these Somerville people. If he were to throw it up he would be at their men.; And it was his penfession, which a man cannot Slowly he reconciled himself to the dreadful necessity, sent out a servant as keen and almost as experienced as himself to secure at a lew hours notice, as can always be done in London, an oullit very different from the bridgeroom's trappings which that functionary had been packing so neatly. And then he set out for tiros-venor Place, to break the terrible news-turning over and over lu his mind one of the phus of desperation which had seized hold upon him. Surely there would be human feeling enough in their hearts to let her go with him as lar as Vienna-ns far as Constantinofde, where he might have to wait a few dayspublisher and buthor and ridicule of that parting at the church I don't say that it was the ridicule only he felt. fits bitterly the parting, the horrible disappointment, the lea-tical of life turned into a mockey and misery; but the last element of all was the insufferable laughter which he knew would mingle with everybody's piry. Surely they would leel, even for Sybil's sake it not for the, that this must not be?

He went in with such a face of misery that he scarcely needed to tell his tale and show his telegram.

moded to tell my take and snow my telegram.

"Stirl to-morrow—to-merces" both the halice eried,
Sybi in a faither of changing colour from white to red, her
mother purple with Indignation. The girl chaped in a arms
canal his, and heared upon blue, heying her head agained his
arms, half fainting. Lady Somerville ravel, and all but
course. "These temporares—heare Syblic-herry are dureful.or." and, naveronaing, then commercial raver, and an our aware. "Leave to moreow - leave Sybli-beave my daughter as the church door?" Her voice grew choked at last by the

as the shareh does. They were presented at less he has the him reduced as the passage. Sharpoke as [the didition purpose, by way of a stated headt to her.

"I have come to throw mysell on your mercy," he said.
"Let her go wife too, larly Somewille!" Let me take her as far as Constantinopie! I know he's a great thing I ask, but I may have to wait there for instructions—one new r can fell. They may be all ready, or I may have to await them. Every-life will be comforted by I have to spend a day and a night in Yleman, and she wealth't mind the journey? You won't aliad the fearney, would you, Syloll, with me! It is one only hance? In each of the horsible tragit-comedy of parting at the chart he door?" cried the surrensonable nother who had just herself been institing upon It with all the heat of fore. may have to wait there for instructions -one never can tell.

he heat of fury.

"Would you like me to tell you all I am thinking of a "would you like me to tell you all I am thinking of a "hid Meetyn, whose passion of disappointment and moralidation and wounded love and builted hope was stronger even than hera. "Let use how the little alleviation, and I will be grateful to you all my 166."

grateful to you all my lite."

A by you mean to take my daughter to - Timbuchen, or almore you are going. Mr. Mastys, to perph among savages? Is that what you done to propose to fact. Perhaps that was about you meant all the time to early my slybil off into the descrip, where i algorith may be less of liter again."

Sofit Managa," cand slybil in remonstrance, still holding that he hard-proposals are:

of the harmon, "they synt in remembersons, with nothing the high bridgersons's arm, and the state of the stat

are tenius de lase and all that. of Buye for step at Vienna for inferration, Then at Constant Points of the Stattlingde, perhaps to wait there till my instructions are complete. It is the best time for traveiling now, in the spring, it will not be too lion. There is nothing to be afraid of in the internet. Scholarce mounts of the composition Hote There is nothing to be drawn of a the journey. Sybli, you would come, wouldn't you? I could lake you up the Rosphorus— it is the most fovely place in the world."

"And après, Mr. Mostyn?" sable the

nother.

They looked at each other for a memoral, two anemies facing each other before the battle

Aprese if you did not take her with you into the desert you mean to begin Sylid, my child, to return from that outlandish place

It was on Mostyn's Hos to ask what difference it made to the facts that It was her child upon whom this late bad fallent but be restrained himself. "There is nothing impossible in it," he said, "with her good mild, and every arrangement milds for her comfort. ry ladica do lt. And Testuld send Rambold with her, who knows every step of the way."
"Rumbold! your servant! to bring back

my daughter, who has never done anything for herself, never needed to take a railway ticket

or order a carriage, or "---"I assure you, Lady Somerville, Happ is nobody better qualified to take the charge of all that then Rumbold "-----

"Perhaps to not as her companion too," cried the mother, farious. And then, carried beyond here if by her passion, she appealed to heaven and earth whether she had not always been sure that there would be some needed of this kind-always known, when Sir Matthew gave his consent in spite of all she could say, that it would tarn out budly, and her poor child be forsaken. Four little Sybil's cries of "Manna, manna!" which was all she could

oppose to this storm, were of little effect; and the silence of Mostyn, who let it all pour forth without any reply, aggravated the rage which of all things in the world rould be gient opposition least. And Sir Matthew, shalled by the sound, came in: and he took upon himself at air of virtuous indignation which was still more land to bear than his wife's rage, treating the whole matter as a willul device on the part of Mostyn to emberrass the family and put them

"What object could you have in forcing us to all these Preparations, to all the expense and fass, in order to lum upon us at the het moment? "cried the old geatleman. "If I had any object," cried Mostyo in reply, "It could

only be to make myself very unhappy and very ridiculous, which was not very likely to be my aim."

Sir Matthew stared for a moment, and then asked with

scorn what his unhappiness mattered?

"Your unhappiness! Look at that child, and look at her mother; and all our liabils laterlered with, and our engage ments disturbed, and the house turned upside down. I'll tell you what, Sir," cried the old gentleman, "since you think so little of interfering with our arrangements. I'll cut the knot for you. There shall be no wedding at all It's better to break it off at the last moment than to have a wife that's no breas it off at the fast moment from to have a wite time 's new wife thrown back on our hands, and all the talk that will get up.

My haly," he eried out, "go to pour desk this nument, and write to all those people that there will be no weddings, and the marriage is broken off!"

Angry as Lady Somerville was, however, she did not go so far as this. A marriage braken off the day before the wedding is a very serious thing. To describe how the day went on, in a succession of furious and aggrieved discussion, would be very numerossary, even if there were room for R—which there very innecessity, even it there were room for it—which there is not. Sybil alone gave her bribegroom a strong bul silent support. She said bribe poor lettle (ding)—except how and then a cry of "Papa" papa! "or "Mannas! mannas!" when things were at their hortest. She stood hedding Mostyn's arm Chings were at their hortest. She stood bedding Mostyn's arm with both her owns helding him fast, saying nothing even to him. She was so young, so sky, so little accontained to bold her own, which had been given to her without contextion all her life. It astonished her ance than words can say to lind forsall the subject of such red shot conferences. But I med and say that every mountain spanith, stored on the procedure and maps burneafthe that the In drougelon made it more and mace imposible that the wedding, all arranged for to-morrow, the bishop who was to perform it, the Princess who was to be present, the hishlomable perform II, the Princess who was to be present, the haddonable mote which had sent presents and arranged all its engagements so as to be there, reading at sike and sents, or with white widet containing gardenies, could be put off, or, still worse, braken off. The presents themselves would have been an energonalith edly. What should we do with them?" still Lady Somewills to be his band. O'That lived Piling the Princess gave beer, and all the lists made up for the newspapers, with everybeily's names—printed by this time, and could be readly nothing against the all the world make. And there is really nothing against that; and we know that the approximent was hanging over his head. And If he were to be driven in despair, as he parily threatened, to give up the service to.

it tells vice versa, but, when sir Matthew began to vapous about "my daughter," Ludy Somerville saw that it was about -as if the fact that Spbil was but daughter could have absurd -8s it the 10t time system was of her bridgeroom. But anything to do with the sending away of her bridgeroom. But another of them was accessible to reason upon the one point for which Mustyn pleaded till the bad moment. That Sybii, a for which anerty person and make her way herk from benefanting open after the heal been possible to allow her to be sprighted away there such a transmission poursey—was a thing springed away interest on mother would hear of. In surge of that neither lather nort mother would hear of. In surge of Rumbold and her moid! The thing was out of the question, however true it might be that Rumbold knew every step of the way and that Mostyn's wife might travel like a princess, glorified by her husband's name. There was nothing for it siter all, but that ridiculous parting by the church door,

CHAPTER II.

Mosten was a little more than a year away. Master was a little more time as year covery. He uses needing plished a most difficult insistion, and covered hims if with glory. I deelling to mention what that mission was the accrets of the Poreign Office are safe in my bands. What stronge to totalities be mastered—what subtle, buff-completed Treation with other Powers he discovered and made waste-paper of, are things with which the present writer and reader have nothing to do. On his way home, all had, more scorched, more died up by desert while and hurned by trapical suns than orar, he tell fill at Vicena, and by there for a long time thadde to convey any news of himselt to the ouler world. It is true, of course, that his illness was known at the Imbassy, and the news conveyed to the Foreign Office : from whence it crept Into newspapers; but it was not send to Sir Motthew Somerville; and, as the family was now in the country, It happened had a long time clapsed, and no news of her husband reached Sybit. There had been but few latters all the time, as may be readily supposed; but to know that he must now he within the circle of civilisation, and to hear nothing, was hard. When he was able to write, his letter was not kept from her -the father and mother, whatever their schemes might be, dld not descend to the meanness of lutercepting letters, though they did conceal from her the news of his illness, which they themselves were aware of through the medium alonessid of the papers. It rankled in Sybit's mind very much that he should have been about three weeks in Vienna, as it turned only without writing to her-lor, naturally, when he did write he made as light of his library as possible; and it gave poor Mostyn In his convale-cence a heavy heart for think that they must have known he was ill, and that it never came



They festioned him to the stone in the supretone of their terminal, desiring him built. He surveil on the threshold to launch



The knot was out by Sybil, who came stealing in with besitting slope.

into his wife's mind so much as to think of coming to nume her harband. Thus there was a cloud upon both when the time of his return came. She did not ven come to found of to most him, which sarely, smelly she might have done; but awaited his arrival in the country, in the north, a day's journey from town, and where he could not up till he had delicated his report to the Foreign tiffice, and sommunicated all the information that was waited. As soon as this was done, Mostya left London by the first train, full of an eagerness modified by sharm and markety. Not even a letter from Sybli in town, only one from Six Malthow to say that he would be expected by the train he had mearion d. Way do not Sybli write? His wide, bearing his name, yet waiting collip in the depths of the country, not even sending hims word of welcome! There was not even a carriage to meet him at the slation, which, however, was one of those minds on which accisionally bappen just in the nick of time, to aggressate everything without jets prior on the part of anyone principally consernat. This gards Madyn's hopes almost the last blow. He usked

himself what they could mean, what Sybit could mean, as he drove along the country road in the 'rig which was all be could find at the little rural station. The had been almost certain that, at brack, she would come to neet him there.

When he got to the pair, four, and the finther of an almost desperate hope, got the better of him. He put off the crisis a little by dismissing his rightner. Rumbold was coming with his bargage by a later train, that bargage which was made weightly by so many rare and carrous things which he had picked up for his whe. Would she have them, now that they were been? He dismissed the righ, and walked up the areano, his burst, sick with eagerness and anxiety and palls. To see Sybit with an averted force was, he fell, almost more than he could be up. could bent.

and here an health occurred which does not tell for very nucle in the story of Mostyn's foodde, but which at first slight secured to do so, and was of the rature of an incident in a novel. There were some wondorful old holly hedges at Slr Marthow Sconcerillo's place, of which the family was very

proad, and at the upper end of the avenue one of these hedges experted from it the old-fashioned flow regarden. It was so thick and so high that nothing was visible on the other side, but it did not impede the passage of annula and poor Moeten started as II he had been shot, and came to a sudden passe, as he heard on the other side Sybil's value. His wife's wave-which he had had heard promouncing the cone which were to have much them one—the soft hith force, so young, showed childish, in contract with all the rade volves of altern his annul which he had been side—affected that more flam into another warfare could have done. To think that those hills mushed lines might reject him, defy him, was impossible. It may were made for nothing hat swentness, for pentle was indighed with here, and It was the volve of a man. Some fellow was walking with here it was the volve of a man. Some fellow was walking with here it he garden. If Medy had been armed, as he had been for most of the past twolvensorth, with pistule at his lock, I doubt whether, fresh as he was from shange life, that fellow would have been each use he was from shange life, that fellow would have been each

"So you are expectled your wonderer-humoslichly, I suppose?" said the fellow, who would be welking showly, very showly, by Sybil's sale,

"In about no hour," she said, with a tremble in her robe.
"The carriage was to go for bler of first."

This gave Mostra a scarcely perceptible gleam of combod, as showing that there had been a mishake.

Our you very nerrous, Sybil [12]

Sybil [1] He allod her by her Christlan neme [12]

Oth, nerrous, [2] showled, " to that, the words [1] am more, for these than a property of the combod property.

far more than nervous-1 am form in two [1]

The parents are always as determined as ever! Ifm it will be a decadled thing for you in he a party to elawant—and of such a

"They say it will all be private, end no scambil. Dh. if that were all I liet to breaking row-to be unfalthful-to abundan him when perhaps he is weak—when he has jest come hame—when perhaps he expects some-thing so different! Oh, why didn't he write thing so different! Dil why didn't he write found con Vienna (-) hee Yearld have believed that he could ter me still!"

P Bul he was ill at Vlenna!!!

OA man does not get Ill in a moraum—he ran write a word or line to his wife first. He can make somebody telegraph—to easy

"How could he?" said the fillow, who,
- all did not seem an enemy, "They "How rould he? said the fillow, win, after ell, did not seem an enemy, "They would not have let you go. How could you have gone?"

With Mizabeth, I could go onywhere

with Elizabeth. She ears the is sorr-quite sure-we rookl hose cracaged perfectly well. But what I the use of speaking of that, when he did not want not never toked me, merri with the know at times to selective

Library (blick II) can have been his foul)." " Matuma thinks it rueans storply that he

cares for min no mare, end that it shock to him, that it will be a relief to be tier-do go off wherever he likes. Bel Pilzab.th-there is nobody, nobody in all the linese that ever says a word for him but Bhealath. And what am I in do? How am I to see him, and hear there tell him!"---

" But It is you, after all, who must deride."

"How ran I go against theory" Sybil cried. "And why didn't he write to me from Vicuna? Then I might have had something

The listener scoreely made out there lust words, which were soid as the pair teracil flown another of the garden walks. He stood for a moment almost possilysed, get excely to show not take xplanatine—to fulfill to the whole

olsez world around him. How goeld he hare written from Vacana, when he had almost died? And what—what were they plutting against him? He stood still for a moment in his cand crushin, end thus harried an. The evenue took a long round before it reached the house, and second to mack him with neverus and twistings. And when he got to the door at last, he was meetry netrange nervant, who did not know blue, and demanded his mace. Mostyn pushed past he impalicece telu the open hall,

"I want Mrs. Mostyn," he said. "Where is Mrs. Mostyn? Be so good as to lot her know at once that her husbend is here."

" Mrs. Mostyn, Sir," the servant fellowed, looking with an ullerlady ataraned eye at this resolute and imperious man. "Her hally aldprished has derawing room," He had got his orders, but he was evidently somewhat alreid of carrying them net.
"Tell my wife I am here."

"H ree please, Sir, her Ladyahip ned Sir Natthew"-

A young com here came forward from the end of the ball.

"My rousin's just goes upstairs," be not. "I'll are she's sent for at once. They didn't expert you so seem, f've no right to speak, I know," he added. "Bur, if you're Monye, I ertrise you to go in and have if out with three of spec."

The stare with which this wanterer of the wilds regarded the golden years who had been all this time at Sybil's one was flowed for a monetel, but it meters in three the good feeling in the young names lace. He breed to hillow the loctman with se imputioned he did not

al tempt to concept. 'I say,' said the young man hi his sar, in e whisper,
'however badly things may look, thei'l forget het heart's
with you, all the same.'

wan you, an one terms.

If was the only work of encouragement he bod heard since his return. He put not his hand end gare the other a grip which I think that young man error forgot oil his life. And then he marched in to meet the loc.

They were acated in grim expectancy on either tide of the fire-it was the lober, and pleady cold in the month of the fire-it was to tober, and plready cold in the north country-Sir Matthew is a good closir, a sort al thrace of indgravel, her helpship opposite, much took aprophile has more constitutable. Sir hardy rose to receive her sone follow, the add generator stood in front of his dair. Not a step was made to meet hise, not a word at welcome said, "We expected you to arrive," said Sir Matthew, "by the five train-the carriage was to go. Don't you flink I hed in the rieg, my dear, and rountermand II, now Mr. Mostin's hore?"

"I hope you are not much fuligued by your fourney," bally Somerville said.

O Lam de yng see me₁ (*) sald Muslyn, O mel yne will anderstand flout Lam med mixlens fowe my sille. O Three weeks in Vienna and 190 days to familia ilgo't.

look like such corp great anxiety, Mr. Modyn,

old in Landon 1 hed my report to make in my ducts. In nonlithing been negreat stretch of kholiness to have brought Sybil to meet me the $\kappa_{\rm c}$."

"His a stock I would mare tanke—In a man wha married my doughter only to mondon hap?......



" Maurice I II in the !!!

"Hush, Sir Mallhew, for goodness' wake !" said his wite-"Mr. Mesijn, there is a great deal to be said between us, before we come to that."

"I due't know what Is to be sald. I want Schil." he said. "I won't my wife."

"I have not hink at if you wanted her visy much, whee you have left her serlong, and har weeks and moeths, without e

He gave har one of those force books which his desert habits had faeght fem, and then, without a word, weet in the bell eed rong It violerally.

" How dars you, Sir," eried Sir Muthlow, " ring the bell in

The miswer come with such snepicions lusate that the



pair were halfway to town before it was known Stangerille Hall that Sull was not crying in her room

servant must have been repy there at hand; and it was the servant mind have been revy thore at hand; and it was the buffer thir thine, he portain but alisequious, and mare interested and excited than any finiter has a right to be.

O'fell Max Mostre that her finished is here and waiting for her," said Mostre in imperface him.

O'fell mry daughter matring of the kind," said Sir Matthew in shill rage. O'Nobady shall give arrives to my screams but together.

mysulll The kind was out by Sybil, who Same steeling to with hechning strps, lleshed and frightened. She gare stry-was hechning strps, lleshed and frightened. She gare stry-was llesh one, west bleat? In the sight of bin, and thou booked at her melbut with serxious eyes. Mostyn, os many is supposed,

the not branches could be refreshed by the ender but one strate to her, and select libewife in his arms. Hit was something like laking possession by explore, that was not his small; and samely the captive was not mare signify. It is a little hard epose lather and matter to see theh only rhid engalled to a ran's arms, swallowed up by blue, even though he is for harmon. And for that mament I had a little sympathy with the older

pulr.

"Sylil!" her much region, while a sojecthal rang through

d "Let go ery daughter, Sir!" shouled Sir Matthew, no he had cover shooted before to

but orbits of the others made any reply. How mony subsules powed before faily

But orbital and the others made any reply. How meny addules passed before faily beautraille managed to ratheur the daughter from that embrace, and Sir Mattha w, within a rely short distinct of the Mattha w, within a rely short distinct of the South-law, he would be difficult to any. Such infrastrates were long in the passing. Lady Song-wills at best drew Syldiaway. "You will have the distinct yet aclier that the does out in the soom while wit apark to you."

"Therm is neither degreey our inducedry involved that I know of," Meetyn said : but he in the rible nor endit rests. He saw the young once in the was then prompt mean who was triangle, on that the does not he had he heard Lady Songerville ask, "Where Is Plantabeth it Lef kinabeth come in Matter (the door, and he heard Lady Songerville ask, "Where Is 19 and he heard Lady Songerville ask," Where Is 19 and the Jersessine of enabler friend outside, and the heart out from his eyer. He had not in the least know who Elizabeth was, but he had not he for something to convenige bin, to the intimetion which Syldialator end multiper made a bit may be continued in the weather of the best of the bridge, and the heart of the passes a will for unlifty of narraige in the South Courts, Their home was a beautiful one the ladden, and that he was appended by for the turnous as man read by for the turnous some number of the distinct of the strong which rapid ter m four or two which in that hangeupriace battheleid, In the end, of course, he was vanquished for the nument; and his channal to see Sylvi, if but for a meet and you need the passes here to describe within that hangeupriace battheleid, In the end, of course, he was vanquished for the nument; and his channal to see Sylvi, if but for a meet and you need to pray the lower he turned away, not enthing but the bit trust negative.

"You should on the second of the batter of the ladder of the passes of the said.

"You should not have seen her at all, had we had our will," Lady Somerville said.

The unforteners betand was helpless in the loose that was not his. They tellowed him to the door in the impudence of their trum it, driving kim forth. He turned on the threshold to launch his last definince.

him to the drow in the Impudence of the trump di, driving him forth. He turned de the threshold to launch his last definites.

"You speak of your daughter," he chief, "as if their wise level you daughter," he chief, "as if their wise level you daughter to all that exposure, to the publicity, to the indigualty"—

"There will be neither. The cuse will be lead with closed doors."—

"Not If it lought sleep by step," cried Mostyn, "as if shall be to not leat stelling and my last breath—and no morey to the bears, which you will be! And reatherthan it mover, to the bears, which you will be! And reatherthan it mover, not without some sant-farrious in the sigil of in anticare of furtive heats behied, "that! will not strick either from law or force, or fraud, if meessary, to get back oy wife." Thus saying, he termed from the book is door, and, leaving a violent, yeth these families to the from the chieff.

It was by this rime dark, with that depth of darkness which ally exists among woods. He plunged abug, scarcely seeing when he went, and caring—indifferent to the milit at diffusive latities in his and the rall eavy to which because cake this way, he did not knew how, but in antickness of lore deterred, such long to little low whom he had non-bed in the little low whom he had non-bed in a moment, and held in his arms nelly to have her when the rail and her so had non-bed in his arms nelly to have her whom killshoth. His railerth, Mills his wife. He megained he militely, And by this line there give med across his mind in ray of excelect in a mine—and her user, no Sylid, but large speaks. When he was building rich to the reversely his line there give med across his mind in ray of excelect in a mine—and her user, no Sylid, but large speaks. When he was building down in the reversely he most a being runnity hackney touch coming up below with large gap, in which was freehold; end stopped in me go in granited her which we was building rich to the reverse he most a being runnity hackney touch coming up below with large gap, in

nugrily. (11): I we-persons, Sr. who have stopped the (ab, "

Paneluidt ead.

"Two persons? What do you mean? Bible there than I lidve over the m?" crack the farcet every from the fact.

Int the read moneror he was out of the cab, with a suppressed matry that rang all through the would, "this hash, both!" soil two volues together. And thee one said, treethiess, "Manrice! It is me! Elizabeth still "see!

thit what Elizabeth said was never knewn for historial to edinate Mr. and Mrs. Most in wear betroog fan taphorised y south press drugging fire people and e quantity of ingages does not tear closer, though it could notice enought retring, I repeat, through the sine ked you delighted sit white could reheas all surey jugids of the heaves and josge of the could reheas all surey jugids of the heavest and josge of the could reheas all surey jugids of the heavest and josge of the could replay decision, with Mr. could be Most justifie, and Remodel trying load 15 mate maliting of himself in order to factor to prove before the driver has the maid. For Filesboth was Mrs. Most jet's units.

And thit heaverestor pair were halfway to lown before

was Mrs. Mortre's north.

And thit honeyreson pair were halfway to lown believe the known in Somewille Hall that Sylol was not reying in her recent, with the road by her side administering or rolate in southe her. I think, for any own part, that is young constitution of the recent was all it blood hers with Mosyn's grip, but a strong three wine till blood hers with Mosyn's grip, but a strong three what Elizabeth had such, and where Nyhal was.